

There is But One and It Comes From
Burmah.

**But One Christ, and He Comes From
Heaven—The Difference Between a Room
Full of Rubies and No Religion and One
With Religion and No Rubies.**

In the Brooklyn tabernacle Sunday afternoon Rev. Dr. Talmage preached to a crowded audience that filled the great building to overflowing, the subject of his sermon being "Rubies Surpassed," and the text: Proverbs viii.

You have all seen the precious stone commonly called the ruby. It is of deep red color. The Bible makes much of it. It glowed in the first row of the high priest's breastplate. Under another name it stood in the wall of heaven. Jeremiah compares the ruddy cheek of the Nazarites to the ruby. Ezekiel points it out in the robes of the king of Tyre. Four times does Solomon use it as a symbol by which to extol wisdom, or religion, always setting its value as better than rubies.

The world does not agree as to how the precious stones were formed. The ancients thought that amber was made of drops of perspiration of the goddess Ge. The thunder-stone was supposed to have dropped from a storm-cloud. The emerald was said to have been made of the fire-fly. The lapis lazuli was thought to have been born of the cry of an Indian giant. And modern mineralogists say that the precious stones were made of gasses and liquids. To me the ruby seems like a spark from the anvil of the setting sun.

The hue of the genuine ruby is Burmah, and 60 miles from its capital, where lives and reigns the ruler, "Lord of the Rubies." Under a careful governmental guard are these valuable mines of ruby kept. Rarely has any foreigner visited them. When a ruby of large value was discovered it was brought forth with elaborate ceremony, a procession was formed, and with all banneted pomp, military guard and princely attendants, the gem was brought to the king's palace.

Of great value is the ruby, much more so than diamond, as lapidaries have long known. The word ruby occurs on this subject written: "A ruby of perfect color weighing five carats was at the present day in times as much as a hundred of gold." It was in a disaster when Charles the Bold lost the ruby he was wearing at the battle of Morat, that he lost the alliance when Rudolph the Second of Austria inherited a ruby from his sister, the Queen Dowager, was brought to the king, and it is to this the victory of Henry the Fifth, as he wore it into the Battle of Agincourt, and it was the ruby that he won on the largest ruby of all the world, presented by Gustavus the Third to the Russian empress. Wonderful ruby! It is the largest of rubies, and rubies are firelightnings compressed in its domineering prizes. What shall I call it? I call it the Ruby of the World. In all the world there is only one more valuable, and my text makes the comparison. "Wisdom is better than

that it is impossible to compare two things together unless there are some points of similarity as well as differences. The Rabbis are more beautiful in the night and under the implicit than by day. It is preferred for example, to be a Jew in the night and burn and flash as the lights light the darkness. Catherine, of Aragon, on her finger a ruber of 400 years ago, said that the emperor of the East had said that made the night like day. The Rabbis are more beautiful than Solomon under some of the lamps that illuminated his cedar pavilion, bright, not in the possible glare of the sun, but in the glow of a sword, or hinged on some focal of the apophysis, or beautilled the lip of some chance, still, in the light of the Rabbis, the excellence of the holy religion is clearly seen in the night of trouble, and he cries out: "Wisdom

Oh, yes, it is a good thing to have religion while the sun of prosperity rides high and everything is brilliant in fortune, in health, in worldly favor. Yet, when the sun of adversity comes, how much of it is natural exuberance and how much of it is the grace of God. But let the sun set, and the shadows of darkness, of sickness, or poverty, or persecution, or mental exhaustion fill the soul, and fill the house, and fill the world; then you sit in the lamp and you find that the light is the consolation of the Gospel come out; the peace of God which passeth all understanding appears. You never know the power of the poor man's deep light of trouble the Divine Lamp revealed their equanimities. Pearls and amethysts for the day, but the real jewels are the pearls of the night. All of us have a little glimpse

way the assuagement of misfortune. Of the 150 psalms of David at least 100 allude to trouble. There are tears in every wind, and tears in every eye, and pain in every heart. It is only proposed to call the attention of the president at Washington to the fact that the "Bible" contains the following passage:

ere that had blackened the stone walls. Hence it was called "The White House." Most of the things now white with attractiveness were once black with disaster. What the world most needs is the religion, with hands full of anodynes, and sedatives, and balsams, as in Daniel's time to stop mouth loo-
line; as in Shadrach's time to cool blast furnaces; as in Ezekiel's time to turn the people back from their idols to enroll the apostasy over rocky desolations. Hear its soothing voice as it declares: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, yet thou shalt remain; yea, thou shalt not depart from you."

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasten-

"They" shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun smite them, neither the heat: for the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. It is the most wholesome thing on earth a trouble if met in Christian spirit. To make Paul what he was it took sheepskin, and to make him a sheep it took penitentiary, and pursuit of wild mobs, and the sword of decapitation. To make David what he was it took all the sins of the world, from Abel, and Goliath, and all the Philistine hosts could do against him. It took Robert Chamber's uniformation to make him a soldier, and a conqueror. It was benevolence that brought William Waverley of Wosley's time from wickedness to evangelism. It was the love of the world that made the world would never have known what heroic stuff Ridley was made of, had not the fires been kindled around him. "I will not burn," he cried; "I will not burn; let the fire come to me; can not burn." Thank God, that there are geists that will not burn, and that the world is lamp-lit; that God for the Ruby,

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thy that is now enthroned on the third finger of your right hand? If in this journey of life we have learned anything, it is that we are all sinners, neither with its emolument nor gain can it satisfy the soul. Why, here come so many witnesses as I wish to call to the stand to testify that, before high heaven and the world, in companionship with Jesus Christ and a good hope of heaven, they feel a joy that all the resources of their vocabulary fail to express. I have heard of the jubilation in ejaculations of hosannas, sometimes in doxology, sometimes in tears. A converted native of India in a letter said, "How I long for my bed, not this night's sleep; be awake often and long, but to hold sweet communion with my God." If so mighty is worldly joy that Julius II., hearing of his qualities were triumphal, cried, "I wish I were a Turk," and if Talva, hearing that the Roman senate had decreed him an honor, expressed; and if Montezuma, when he was crowned, said, "I wish I were a Spaniard," and if a shipwrecked purser waiting on the coasts of Guinea, in want and starvation at the sight of a vessel bringing relief, said, "I wish I were a sailor," how much more should we be thankful in the joy of pardon and heaven rolling over the soul should sometimes be almost too much for the Christian to endure and live! An aged aunt said to me: "De Witt, three times I have fainted dead away under the great Christian joy of communion." An emigrant Christian man, while in prayer, said, "Stop, Lord, I can't bear any more of this glorious joy." I have known a man, who could not withhold. We have heard of poor workmen or workwomen getting a letter suddenly telling them of a fortune and then left them and they were so glad that they sat beside themselves with glee, taking the first ship to claim the estate. And, oh, what it is to wake up out of the sleep of a wretched life and find that the joy of heaven is all our own! Truly joy can be a deadly snare to the weak-willed, and thus a

And now I ask you as fair-minded men and women, accustomed to make comparisons, is not such a joy as that worth more than anything one can have in a jeweled casket? Was not Solomon right when he said: "Wisdom is better than rubies?"

There is also something in the deep carmin of the ruby that suggests the sacrifice on which our whole system of life is based. The ruby, as the poet suggests the meadows, and the sapphire the skies, and the opal the sea, the ruby suggests the blood of sacrifice. The most emphatic and startling of all the metaphors in the Bible is that the author of my text, knew all about the sacrifice of lamb and dove on the altars of the temple, and he knew the meaning of sacrificial blood, and what other precious stone could he so well use to suggest the blood of the ruby? Intensely red, red as the blood of the greatest martyr of all time—Jesus of the centuries! Drive home the story of the crucifixion out of the temple, and the altar, and the stone went out of our religion, and there would be nothing of Christianity left for our worship or our admiration. Why should it be hard to adopt the metaphor of the ruby? What great bridge ever sprung its arches; what temples ever reared its towers; what nation ever achieved its independence; what mighty good was ever accomplished out of evil? The great wonder of the world, the bridge that unites these two cities, cost the life of the first architect. Ask the shipyards of Glasgow and New York how many carpenters, how many masons, how many the steamer was launched; ask the three great transcontinental railroads how many in their construction were buried under crumbling embankments, or crushed by avalanches, or destroyed by the power-lifts.

Tabulate the statistics of how many mothers have been martyrs to the cradle of sick children. Tell us how many have died in the hospital and brain, and life in the effort to support their households. Tell us how many men in England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in the United States have died in the hospital and brain, suffering in as old as the world, but the most thrilling, the most startling, the most stupendous sacrifice of all time and eternity was on a bluff back of the city of Rome, where a man, upon himself the sin, the agonies, the perdition of a great multitude: that no man can number between 13 o'clock, a darkened noon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun shined on a ruined world. Dive in all the seas, explore all the mines, crowbar all the mountains, view all the crowned jewels of all the emperors, and find me an emperor who has sacrificed his life to symbolize the martyrdom as the ruler.

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Another room of mortal exit. Religion and no rubies. She never had money enough to buy one of those jeweled necklaces that she supposed as a jeweler's show window and a row of them incriminating in the velvet. She had been taste enough to appreciate those gems, but she never had the money to buy one. Her life was so unhappy because others had rubies while she had none. But she had richer treasure, and that was the grace of God that had comforted her in her loneliness, in her temptations and persecutions, and loneliness, and privations and trials of all sorts. "Now she is going out of life. The room is bright, the windows are open, the air is fresh with upholstery, not with any of the stinks of mountain or sea; but there is a strange and vivid glow in the room; all of chandelier, or star, or moonlight, and good things of the senses all of them. It must be the presence of supernaturals. From her flumined face I think she must hear voices possibly. Yes, she does hear sweet voices, but not the voices of angels, sweet apostolic and prophetic and evangelic, but all of them overpowered by the voice of Christ, saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom." She has heard that voice, and she thinks she must hear it again. "I think she must hear rapturous music, now soft as solos, now thunderous as orchestras, now a saintly voice alone, and now the hundred and forty and four thousand and concert. From her

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The color of the skin in the various races of man has never as yet been explained by science. There are many numerous mythological stories advanced as reasons for the remarkable difference in color. In Africa, for example, certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation." A pretty African legend says that the color of the skin is the proverbial sea of space, and that the present pale color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scarce food game man had to eat. In the "old world" proper, it is stated here that the same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of the first sons of Adam, who died before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original man was a creature of the color of the sea, and that the color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Mussulmans, the American Indians and the Eskimos account for their prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the Great Being creating the first man of the red color, and giving the law in the red light, so that the color

An Astute Policeman.
Chicago Official—I have proof that you saw a man on the streets after one o'clock, and neglected to question him.
Policeman—No, but I followed him, and then enter a house, and five minutes later heard a shrill female voice.

Of the 150 psalms of David at
allude to trouble. There are
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and pangs in every heart. I
inly preposed to call the
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new" as called "Saco"

FOR FINEST PRESENTS
CALL AT THE

The national meat inspection laws have been a failure, and ought to be repealed.

